

SONNETS,

BY THE

REV^D. W. L. BOWLES, A. B.

THE SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED, WITH ADDITIONS.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.

S O N N E T S

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PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO. 1854.

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S O N N E T S,

WRITTEN CHIEFLY ON

PICTURESQUE SPOTS,

DURING A TOUR,

BY THE

REVEREND W. L. BOWLES, A. B.

OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

THE SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED, WITH ADDITIONS.

Cantantes, licet usque, nimis via laedet, camus.

BATH, PRINTED AND SOLD BY R. CRUTTWELL,

SOLD ALSO

BY C. DILLY, POULTRY, LONDON; AND J. RANN, OXFORD.

M DCC LXXXIX.

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PRINTED AND SOLD BY

J. G. FINE, TORREY, 10, OXFORD



TO THE
REVEREND NEWTON OGLE, D.D.

DEAN OF WINCHESTER,

THE FOLLOWING SONNETS

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS MOST OBLIGED

AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

B

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DEAN OF WINCHESTER

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THE AUTHOR

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Trifles were chiefly suggested by some Picturesque Objects which presented themselves to the Author in a Tour to the Northern Parts of this Island, and on the Continent. They were before committed too hastily to the Press; but the favourable Reception which they experienced, has induced him to revise them, and, with the Addition of a few more, to make them less unworthy of the Publick Eye.

It having been said that these Pieces were written in Imitation of the little Poems of Mrs. SMYTH, the Author hopes he may be excused adding, that many of them were written prior to Mrs. SMYTH's Publication. He is conscious of their great Inferiority to those beautiful and elegant Compositions; but, such as they are, they were certainly written from his own Feelings.



SONNETS.

SONNET I.

TO A FRIEND.

BEREAVE me not of these delightful dreams,
Which charm'd my youth; or mid her gay career
Of hope, or when the faintly-paining tear
Sat sad on memory's cheek---tho' loftier themes
Await th' awaken'd mind, to the high prize
Of wisdom, hardly earn'd with toil and pain,
Aspiring patient; yet on life's wide plain

Cast friendless, where unheard some sufferer cries
 Hourly, and oft our road is lone and long,
 'Twere not a crime, should we awhile delay,
 Amid the sunny field, and happier they
 Who, as they wander, woo the charm of song,
 To cheer their path—till they forget to weep,
 And the tir'd sense is hush'd, and sinks to sleep.

SONNET

S O N N E T II.

LANGUID, and sad, and slow from day to day,

I journey on, yet pensive turn to view

(Where the rich landscape gleams with softer hue)

The streams, and vales, and hills, that steal away.

So fares it with the children of the earth:

For when life's goodly prospect opens round,

Their spirits beat to tread that fairy ground,

Where every vale sounds to the pipe of mirth.

But them, vain hope, and easy youth beguiles,

And soon a longing look, like me, they cast

Back o'er the pleasing prospect of the past:

Yet fancy points where still far onward smiles

Some funny spot, and her fair colouring blends,

Till cheerless on their path the night descends.

SONNET

S O N N E T III.

WRITTEN AT TINEMOUTH, NORTHUMBERLAND,

AFTER A TEMPESTUOUS VOYAGE.

AS slow I climb the cliff's ascending side,
 Much musing on the track of terror past,
 When o'er the dark wave rode the howling blast,
 Pleas'd I look back, and view the tranquil tide,
 That laves the pebbled shore; and now the beam
 Of evening smiles on the grey battlement,
 And yon forsaken tow'r that time has rent:—
 The lifted oar far off with silver gleam
 Is touch'd, and the hush'd billows seem to sleep!
 Sooth'd by the scene, ev'n thus on sorrow's breast
 A kindred stillness steals, and bids her rest;
 Whilst sad airs stilly sigh along the deep,
 Like melodies which mourn upon the lyre,
 Wak'd by the breeze, and as they mourn, expire.

SONNET

SONNET IV.

WRITTEN AT BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

YE holy tow'rs that shade the wave-worn steep,
 Long may ye rear your aged brows sublime,
 Though, hurrying silent by, relentless Time
 Affail you, and the winter Whirlwind's sweep!
 For far from blazing Grandeur's crouded halls,
 Here Charity hath fix'd her chosen seat,
 Oft listening tearful when the wild winds beat,
 With hollow bodings round your ancient walls;

* Many readers may be ignorant that this very ancient castle, with its extensive domains, heretofore the property of the family of FORSTERS, whose heiress married Lord CAWSE, Bishop of Durham, is appropriated by the will of that pious Prelate to many benevolent purposes; particularly that of ministering instant relief to such shipwrecked mariners as may happen to be cast on this dangerous coast, for whose preservation, and that of their vessels, every possible assistance is contrived, and is at all times ready. The whole estate is vested in the hands of Trustees, one of whom, Dr. SHARP, Archdeacon of Northumberland, with an active zeal, well suited to the nature of the humane institution, makes this castle his chief residence, attending with unwearied diligence to the proper application of the charity.

D

And

And Pity, at the dark and stormy hour
 Of Midnight, when the Moon is hid on high,
 Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost tow'r,
 And turns her ear to each expiring cry;
 Blest if her aid some fainting wretch might save,
 And snatch him cold and speechless from the wave.

SONNET

S O N N E T V.

TO THE RIVER WENSBECK.

AS slowly wanders thy sequester'd stream,
 WENSBECK! the mossy-scatter'd rocks among,
 In fancy's ear still making plaintive song
 To the dark woods above, that waving seem
 To bend o'er some enchanted spot, remov'd
 From Life's vain scenes; I listen to the wind,
 And think I hear meek sorrow's plaint, reclin'd
 O'er the forsaken tomb of one she lov'd!—
 Fair scenes, ye lend a pleasure, long unknown,
 To him who passes weary on his way—
 The farewell tear, which now he turns to pay,
 Shall thank you,—and whene'er of pleasures flown
 His heart some long-lost image would renew,
 Delightful haunts! he will remember you.

SONNET

S O N N E T VI.

TO THE RIVER TWEED.

O TWEED! a stranger, that with wand'ring feet
 O'er hill and dale has journey'd many a mile,
 (If so his weary thoughts he might beguile)
 Delighted turns thy beauteous scenes to greet.
 The waving branches that romantick bend
 O'er thy tall banks, a soothing charm bestow;
 The murmurs of thy wand'ring wave below
 Seem to his ear the pity of a friend.
 Delightful stream! tho' now along thy shore,
 When spring returns in all her wonted pride,
 The shepherd's distant pipe is heard no more,
 Yet here with pensive peace could I abide,
 Far from the stormy world's tumultuous roar,
 To muse upon thy banks at eventide.

SONNET

S O N N E T VII.

EVENING, as slow thy placid shades descend,
 Veiling with gentlest hush the landscape still,
 The lonely battlement, and farthest hill,
 And wood,—I think of those that have no friend:
 Who now, perhaps, by melancholy led,
 From the broad blaze of day, where pleasure flaunts,
 Retiring, wander 'mid thy lonely haunts
 Unseen; and mark the tints that o'er thy bed
 Hang lovely, oft to musing fancy's eye
 Presenting fairy vales, where the tir'd mind
 Might rest, beyond the murmurs of mankind,
 Nor hear the hourly moans of misery.
 Ah! beauteous views, that hope's fair gleams the while
 Should smile like you, and perish as they smile!

S O N N E T VIII.

ON LEAVING A VILLAGE IN SCOTLAND.

CLYDSDALE, as thy romantick vales I leave,
 And bid farewell to each retiring hill,
 Where musing fancy seems to linger still,
 Tracing the broad bright landscape; much I grieve
 That, mingled with the toiling croud, no more
 I may return your varied views to mark,
 Of rocks amid the sunshine tow'ring dark,
 Of rivers winding wild, and mountains hoar,
 Or castle gleaming on the distant steep!—
 Yet still your brightest images shall smile,
 To charm the lingering stranger, and beguile
 His way, whilst I the poor remembrance keep,
 Like those that muse on some sweet vision flown,
 To cheer me wand'ring on my way alone.

SONNET

S O N N E T IX.

TO THE RIVER ITCHIN, NEAR WINTON.

ITCHIN, when I behold thy banks again,
 Thy crumbling margin, and thy silver breast,
 On which the self-same tints still seem to rest,
 Why feels my heart the shiv'ring sense of pain?
 Is it---that many a summer's day has past
 Since, in life's morn, I carol'd on thy side?
 Is it---that oft, since then, my heart has sigh'd,
 As Youth, and Hope's delusive gleams, flew fast?
 Is it---that those, who circled on thy shore,
 Companions of my youth, now meet no more?
 Whate'er the cause, upon thy banks I bend
 Sorrowing, yet feel such solace at my heart,
 As at the meeting of some long-lost friend,
 From whom, in happier hours, we wept to part.

SONNET

S O N N E T X.

O POVERTY! though from thy haggard eye,
 Thy cheerless mein, of every charm bereft,
 Thy brow, that Hope's last traces long have left,
 Vain Fortune's feeble sons with terror fly;
 Thy loneliest haunts all desolate I seek—
 For Pity, reckless of her own distress;
 And Patience, in the pall of wretchedness,
 That turns to the bleak storm her faded cheek;
 And Piety, that never told her wrong;
 And meek Content, whose griefs no more rebel;
 And Genius, warbling sweet her saddest song;
 And Sorrow, list'ning to a lost friend's knell,
 Long banish'd from the world's insulting throng;—
 With Thee, and thy unfriended Virtues, dwell.

SONNET

S O N N E T XI.

ON DOVER CLIFFS. July 20, 1787.

ON these white cliffs, that calm above the flood
 Uplift their shadowing heads, and, at their feet,
 Scarce hear the surge that has for ages beat,
 Sure many a lonely wanderer has stood;
 And, whilst the lifted murmur met his ear,
 And o'er the distant billows the still Eve
 Sail'd flow, has thought of all his heart must leave
 To-morrow,—of the friends he lov'd most dear,—
 Of social scenes, from which he wept to part:—
 But if, like me, he knew how fruitless all
 The thoughts that would full fain the past recall,
 Soon would he quell the risings of his heart,
 And brave the wild winds and unhearing tide,
 The World his country, and his God his guide.

S O N N E T XII.

ON LANDING AT OSTEND, July 21, 1787.

THE orient beam illumines the parting oar—
 From yonder azure track, emerging white,
 The earliest sail slow gains upon the sight,
 And the blue wave comes rippling to the shore—
 Meantime far off the rear of darkness flies:
 Yet, 'mid the beauties of the morn, unmov'd
 Like one for ever torn from all he lov'd,
 Towards Albion's heights I turn my longing eyes,
 Where every pleasure seem'd ere while to dwell:
 Yet boots it not to think or to complain,
 Musing sad ditties to the reckless main.—
 To dreams like these, adieu!—the pealing bell
 Speaks of the hour that stays not,—and the day
 To life's sad turmoil calls my heart away.

SONNET

S O N N E T . XIII.

WRITTEN AT OSTEND. July 22, 1787.

HOW sweet the tuneful bells' responsive peal!
 As when, at opening morn, the fragrant breeze
 Breathes on the trembling sense of wan disease,
 So piercing to my heart their force I feel!
 And hark! with lessening cadence now they fall,
 And now, along the white and level tide,
 They fling their melancholy musick wide;
 Bidding me many a tender thought recall
 Of summer-days, and those delightful years
 When by my native streams, in life's fair prime,
 The mournful magic of their mingling chime
 First wak'd my wond'ring childhood into tears!
 But seeming now, when all those days are o'er,
 The sounds of joy, once heard, and heard no more.

SONNET

S O N N E T XIV.

ON THE RYNE.

TWAS morn, and beauteous on the mountain's brow,
 (Hung with the blushes of the bending vine)
 Stream'd the blue light, when on the sparkling Ryne
 We bounded, and the white waves round the prow
 In murmurs parted;—varying as we go,
 Lo! the woods open, and the rocks retire,
 Some Convent's ancient walls, or glist'ning spire,
 'Mid the bright landscape's track, unfolding flow.
 Here dark with furrow'd aspect, like despair,
 Hangs the bleak cliff—there on the woodland's side
 The shadowy sunshine pours its streaming tide,
 Whilst hope, enchanted with the scene so fair,
 Would wish to linger many a summer's day,
 Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.

SONNET

S O N N E T XV.

WRITTEN AT A CONVENT.

IF chance some pensive stranger, hither led;
 His bosom glowing from majestic views,
 The gorgeous dome, or the proud landscape's hues,
 Should ask who sleeps beneath this lowly bed—
 'Tis poor MATILDA! To the cloister'd scene
 A mourner, beauteous and unknown, she came,
 To shed her tears unseen; and quench the flame
 Of fruitless love: yet was her look serene—
 As the pale moon-light in the midnight isle—
 Her voice was soft, which yet a charm could lend
 Like that which spoke of a departed friend,
 And a meek sadness sat upon her smile!—
 Ah! be the spot by passing pity blest,
 Where, hush'd to long repose, the wretched rest.

S O N N E T XVI.

JULY 18th, 1787.

O TIME! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
 Softest on sorrow's wounds, and slowly thence,
 (Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
 The faint pang stealest unperceiv'd away;
 On Thee I rest my only hope at last,
 And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear
 That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
 I may look back on many a sorrow past,
 And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile—
 As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
 Sings in the sunbeam of the transient shower,
 Forgetful, tho' its wings are wet the while:—
 Yet ah! how much must that poor heart endure,
 Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

SONNET

SONNET XVII.

IN A STORM.

THOU, whose stern spirit loves the storm,
 That borne on terror's desolating wings
 Shakes the deep forest, or remorseless flings
 The shiver'd surge; when bitter griefs deform
 Thy peaceful breast, oh! hie thee to the steep
 That beetles o'er the rude and raving tide;
 And when thou hear'st distress careering wide,
 Think in a world of woe what thousands weep.
 But if the kindred prospect fail to arm
 Thy patient breast; if hope, long since forgot,
 Be fled, like the wild blast which hears thee not;
 Seek not in nature's fairer scenes a charm,
 But shroud thee in the mantle of distress,
 And tell thy poor heart "This is happiness."

SONNET

S O N N E T XVIII.

ON A DISTANT VIEW OF ENGLAND.

AH! from mine eyes the tears unbidden start,
 Albion! as now thy cliffs (that white appear
 Far o'er the wave, and their proud summits rear
 To meet the beams of morn) my beating heart
 With eager hope and filial transport hails!
 Scenes of my youth, reviving gales ye bring,
 As when erewhile the tuneful morn of spring
 Joyous awoke amidst your blooming vales,
 And fill'd with fragrance every painted plain:
 Fled are those hours, and all the joys they gave,
 Yet still I sigh, and count each rising wave
 That bears me nearer to your haunts again;
 If haply, 'mid those woods and vales so fair,
 Stranger to peace, I yet may meet her there.

SONNET

S O N N E T XIX.

NETLEY ABBEY.

FALLEN pile! I ask not what has been thy fate,—
 But when the weak winds, wafted from the main,
 Through each lone arch, like spirits that complain,
 Come mourning to my ear, I meditate
 On this world's passing pageant, and on those
 Who once, like thee, majestic and sublime
 Have stood; till bow'd beneath the hand of time,
 Or hard mishap, at their sad evening's close,
 Their bold and beauteous port has sunk forlorn:
 Yet wearing still a charm, that age and cares
 Cou'd ne'er subdue, decking the silver hairs
 Of sorrow—as with short-liv'd gleam the morn
 Illumines, whilst it weeps, the rested tower
 That lifts its forehead grey, and smiles beneath the shower.

S O N N E T XX.

O HARMONY! thou tenderest nurse of pain,
 If that thy note's sweet magic e'er can heal
 Griefs which the patient spirit oft may feel,
 Oh! let me listen to thy songs again,—
 Till memory her fairest tints shall bring,
 Hope wake with brighter eye, and lift'ning seem
 With smiles to think on some delightful dream,
 That wav'd o'er the charm'd sense its gladsome wing:
 For when thou ledest all thy soothing strains
 More smooth along, the silent passions meet
 In one suspended transport, sad and sweet—
 And nought but sorrow's softest touch remains,
 That, when the transitory charm is o'er,
 Just wakes a tear, and then is felt no more.

SONNET

S O N N E T XXI.

TO THE RIVER CHERWELL.

CHERWELL, how pleas'd along thy willow'd edge
 Erewhile I stray'd, or when the morn began
 To tinge the distant turret's gleamy fan,
 Or Evening glimmer'd o'er the fighting sedge!
 And now repos'd on thy lorn banks once more,
 I bid the pipe farewell, and that sad lay
 Whose musick on my melancholy way
 I woo'd, amid thy waving willows hoar,
 Seeking awhile to rest—till the bright sun
 Of joy returns, as when Heaven's beauteous bow
 Beams on the night-storm's passing wings below:—
 Whate'er betide, yet something have I won
 Of Solace, that may bear me on serene,
 'Till Eve's last hush shall close the silent scene.

N. B. SONNET xvii. line 1. read *awful* storm.

F I N I S.

SONNET XXII

TO THE RIVER CHERWELL.

CHERWELL, how pleas'd along thy willow'd edge
 Erewhile I stray'd, or when the morn began
 To tinge the distant turret's gleamy fan,
 Or Evening glimmer'd o'er the fishing ledge!
 And now reposed on thy lone banks once more,
 I bid the pipe farewell, and that sad lay
 Whose music on my melancholy way
 I woo'd, amid thy waving willows hear,
 Seeking while to rest—till the bright sun
 Of joy returns, as when Heaven's beauteous bow
 Beams on the night-form's passing wings below:—
 What'er betide, yet something have I won
 Of solace, that may bear me on future
 Till Eve's last half shall close the silent scene.

N. B. Sonnet xxi. line 2. read night form.

FINIS